

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

That robs and murders silly passengers,  
I torturd about the rate of common law.

*Suff.* Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,  
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,  
I do arrest thee on high treason heere,  
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,  
Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

*King.* Good vncle obey to his arrest,  
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,  
My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

*Hum.* Ah gracious *Henry*, these dayes are dangerous  
And would my death might end these miseries,  
And stay their moodes for good King *Henries* sake.  
But I am made the Prologue to their play,  
And thousands more must follow after me.

That dreads not yet their liues destruction.  
*Suffolkes* hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,  
*Bewfords* fiery eyes shewes his enuious minde,  
*Buckinghams* proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,  
And dogged *Torke* that leuels at the Moone,  
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.

All you haue ioyn'd to betray me thus:  
And you my gracious Lady and soueraigne Mistresse,  
Causlesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,  
I shall not want false witnesses enough,  
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.  
The Prouerbe no doubt will be perform'd,  
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

*Suff.* Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,  
As if that she with ignominious wrong,  
Had suborn'd or hired some to sweare against his life.

*Qu.* But I can giue the loser leaue to speake.

*Hum.* Far truer spoke then meant, I lose indeed,  
Besheew the winners hearts, they play me false.

*Buck.* Heele wrest the sence, and keepe vs here al day  
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

*Car.* Who's within there? Take in Duke Humfrey,

*Torke and Lancaster.*

And see him garded sure within my house.

*Hum.* Oh, thus King *Henry* casts away  
Before his legs can beare his body vp,  
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his flocke,  
Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite  
Farwell my soueraigne, long maist thou eue,  
Thy fathers happy daies, free from annoy.

*Exit Humfrey with the Cardinall*

*King.* My Lords, what to your wisdoms  
Do and vndo as if our selfe were heere.

*Qu.* What, wil your highnesse leaue to speake?

*King.* I *Margaret*, My heart is kild with sorrow,  
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse moode,  
For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.

*Exit King, Salisbury and Warwick*

*Qu.* Then sit we downe againe my Lords,  
*Suffolke, Buckingham, Torke and Somerset.*  
Let vs consult of proud Duke *Humfries* fall,  
In mine opinion it were good he dide,  
For safety of our King and Common-wealth.

*Suff.* And so thinke I Madam, for as you see  
If our King *Henry* had shooke hands with  
Duke Humfrey then would looke to be  
And it may be by pollicie he workes,  
To bring to passe the thing which now we see  
The Foxe barks not when he would bite  
But if we take him ere he do the deed,  
We should not question if that he should bite.

*Torke.* No, let him die, in that he is a Traitor,  
Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

*Car.* Then let him die before the Commotion,  
For feare that they do rise in armes for him.

*Torke.* Then do it sodainly my Lords.

*Suff.* Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge.

*Car.* Agreed, for hee's already kept within the Tower.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Qu.* How now sirrha, what newes?